

TAPESTRY

A Magazine for All Peoples UU

September 2024



The Maanificent Matterhorn -- photo by Lynn Owens



Editor's Note

In his 1851 Journal, Henry David Thoreau wrote, "A traveler who looks at things with an impartial eye may see what the oldest inhabitant has not observed." His wise saying describes me perfectly, both as a traveler and as an "old inhabitant." Whenever I go on a trip, I

take more time to look and to listen to my surroundings. I try new foods. I take more pictures. I strike up conversations with strangers. I devote the time it takes to understand this new place and its inhabitants.

Back home in Louisville, I notice the same enhanced awareness in friends who travel from far away to experience my own hometown. A visitor from the Mountain West recently went on and on how beautiful and green Louisville is in the summertime. Her appreciation led me to look out the back door with Thoreau's "impartial eye." Where I had previously seen only weeds that needed pulling, a lawn that needed mowing, shrubs that needed pruning, and leaves that needed raking, my friend's fresh perspective opened my eyes to an emerald wonderland of botanical exuberance.

Travel can indeed awaken our senses, shift our perspective, and show us new ways to think about our world. For this issue of the *Tapestry*, I asked our congregants to send me pictures and descriptions of their summer journeys, whether across town or around the world, and to share with us what they had learned along the way. We received some great stories and beautiful photos--I hope you enjoy these mini-travelogues as much as I did.

CONTENTS

Tapestry Volume 12, September 2024

<i>Together on the Journey</i> --a message from Rev. Bruce Beisner	3
<i>New Member Focus</i> -- Valerie Shelton	5
<i>Poet's Corner</i> --poetry contributed by our membership	10
<i>Summer Travels</i> --and lessons we have learned along the way.	14
<i>Nature in our Neighborhood</i> --a naturalist's reflections on the web of life	19
<i>Heard from the Pulpit</i> -- quotations from recent services at All Peoples	21
<i>People's PUuzzle</i> --crossword and acrostic challenges with a UU theme	22

TOGETHER ON THE JOURNEY

by Rev. Bruce Beisner

Minister, All Peoples UU

Almost 20 years ago, my husband decided to advance his education and enroll in a graduate-level program in information systems at Northern Kentucky University. After two years of study, he completed his Master's degree and we decided to celebrate. Jim announced one afternoon that we would be taking a vacation trip in mid-May and so I should schedule a week off from work. He said he would make all the arrangements and he refused to tell me where we would be going. It was to be a surprise.

Now, I don't know about you, but for me traveling can be a somewhat stressful endeavor. I cannot help but worry whether all the reservations have been made correctly, feel anxious about getting to the airport on time, wonder if my luggage will make it to the right destination, and be nervous when I am driving a rental car in a strange city. For me, it can be difficult to just let go and "go with the flow" when the flow is taking me to a foreign place away from the familiar comforts of home.

One of the reasons this "surprise" trip was so memorable was that I did not experience any of those stressful feelings. I did not have to worry about packing my bags because my husband packed them for me. I did not have to obsess about getting to the plane on time because I did not know what flight we were taking. I could not overly plan every moment of an itinerary in advance because I had no



idea where I would be spending this week-long vacation.

The morning of our departure, Jim and I arrived at the Greater Cincinnati Airport early and we had time to leisurely walk through the concourse. It was like a game seeing the destinations on each flight gate in the terminal and wondering which one we would soon be boarding. At last, we stopped at a gate marked "San Francisco" and the cat was out of the bag.

As our plane lifted off and began its flight across the country, I could not help but begin to think of all the things we could do when we arrived in Northern California. A close friend who is a Marianist monk had moved to Berkeley the year before. I asked Jim, "Perhaps we can plan to get together for dinner with Brother David." It had been awhile since we had been to the ocean and the Pacific coast is so beautiful near the Cliff House. Oh, and there was a new rollercoaster that had just opened at the Santa Cruz Beach Boardwalk. I was excited and ready to enjoy our time on San Francisco.

When we landed at SFO, Jim had another surprise. He announced that we would not be leaving the airport. It was time to play that game again and walk past the gates to guess which one would be our next destination. This time I did not have to wait long to find out as we got on a flight to Hawaii soon after arriving in California.

For someone like me who was born and raised in Appalachia, Oahu was breathtaking and beautiful. Sitting on the Queen's Beach in Waikiki was relaxing. Meeting the late, great Don Ho in person was super cool. But of all the experiences of our vacation that have stayed with me all these years later, the day of our departure from Cincinnati stands out the most. That feeling of having to "let go" of my need to plan, of being able to do nothing but trust in the process, and relinquishing control over the journey was incredibly special.

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Every time I think about it, it reminds me how important it is to be present in the moment and the place I am right now, wherever that may be. So often, I can spend a lot of energy to plan a trip and then find myself constantly projecting my thoughts onto the next activity on my schedule, rather than actually enjoying what I am experiencing right then. I think I get this from my dad, who is a retired engineer. We often joke that he is already thinking about what we will be having for lunch while we are eating breakfast.

Finding ways to be more fully present and connected to where I am at the moment is what makes any trip, be it to a distant tropical island or to the park down the street from my house, into a true vacation.

This summer, Jim and I decided to stay close to home here in Louisville and we have been really enjoying exploring all that this part of our world has to offer. We have been going to dinners at the German American Club, attending outdoor movies at the Iroquois Park Amphitheater, shopping at local farmer's markets, and partaking in drag bingo with the River City Sisters at Play. Just going for long walks in our South End neighborhood has been such a pleasure, even when it is a little hot outside.

This month, we are going camping at Mammoth Cave with some old friends and we will be volunteering at the West Point River Days Festival. All this is teaching me that making activities less complicated, without all the hassles and expense of long drives, airfare and hotel reservations, can actually make them more enjoyable for me.

I hope that however your summer has been, you have found some time to relax, reflect and rejuvenate your spirit. And wherever you have found yourself, you have been able to be fully there in both mind and body.

Blessings!



NEW MEMBER FOCUS

*From Janet Taylor,
Congregational Life Coordinator*

Valerie Shelton

Valerie Shelton is a relative newcomer to UU, and after having avoided churches altogether for years and years, feels as though she just may have found a new home. Valerie is a volunteer, avid supporter and board member for Bringing Justice Home, a Louisville nonprofit specializing in health and wellness and social justice for Louisville's food-insecure and medically vulnerable neighbors. She is also an active supporter of Impact100 and sits on the communication committee for that organization. Impact100 Louisville is a nonprofit that awards multiple \$100,000 grants to local nonprofit organizations every year.



Currently retired, Valerie was most recently the President and CEO of Winston Industries for 10 years. Winston Industries is a global foodservice equipment manufacturer that her father started in the 1960s, designing the pressure fryer for Colonel Sanders. During her tenure at Winston Industries, she launched three new divisions - two of which still exist today and specialize in the manufacturing of electronic controls and metal fabrication for other manufacturers.

In her earlier years, Valerie was co-founder of the first mobile oil change business in Louisville. Later, she and three partners pursued a commercial real estate venture, coming onto the scene in 2008, just in time for the global economic crisis. After the harsh economic lessons she learned in commercial real estate in 2008/2009, Valerie assumed the reins of a floundering cutting tool business and turned it into a profitable business in a little over a year.

Valerie also dabbles in residential real estate - buying, renovating, and reselling or renting homes. As is consistent with her nature, she loves the aspect of restoring homes more than the profit gained from doing so, which is usually not very much - so this goes down as one of her many hobbies. As for other hobbies, she loves foraging for mushrooms, Scrabble, and binging the news. She's also a certified scuba diver. Climate change is at the top of her list as something she would like to become more involved with in some capacity in the near future.

Her other fun responsibilities include managing two family LLCs. One of which has four rental homes located on her childhood property, right next door to where she currently lives, so she gets to enjoy 56 acres of fields, woods, creeks and lakes daily - all from her 1997 E-Z-Go golf cart. Although she admits that it's time to upgrade that golf cart, she takes great pride in recycling, reusing, reducing and renovating to keep things out of landfills.

Valerie has five children ranging in age from 13 to older than she cares to admit. She has traveled to many places including Ireland, China, Thailand, South Africa, Europe, Mexico, the Caribbean, the Inside Passage of Alaska, and she still hopes to make it to Australia, New Zealand and Antarctica. Hawaii and Iceland trips are in the works. Alaska is on the list to do again! ○

WE ARE ONE

by Will Groce

POET'S CORNER

I see you Sun, giving your warmth, and letting us know the day has begun.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Trees, and feel your breath in gentle breeze.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Creek, giving your living water to the humble and the meek.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Stone, reminding us we are much stronger when we do not stand alone.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Bird, singing the most beautiful songs Creation has ever heard.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Pale Blue Sky, causing my soul and spirit to want to soar and fly.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you All Creatures Big and Small, we are kindred spirits. You are part of us all.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you most beautiful Creation. You call us forth in anticipation.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Blessed Mother Earth, you give us a place to rest and new birth.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Flower, shining in your beauty bright, so full of power.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you broken and battered Spirit, there's a song of hope. If you listen close you can hear it.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Love's True Light, enabling us to move forward to that which is right.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you ME, growing strong and discovering the true power of WE.
WE ARE ONE!

I see you Others, we are not strangers, for you're my sisters and brothers.
WE ARE ONE! WE ARE ONE IN THE BOND OF LOVE!

Blue Moons

by Joan Miller

'Seasonal' blue moon
Never had heard of it till
Last month's happening

Two in one month...sure...
Four full moons in a quarter?
A new one to me

'Summer in the sun',
Charles Dickens says that's spring.
'Winter in the shade'

Could it be for fall?
Seems like a good description
Autumn's here too soon.

Summer leaves too fast!
There are things I planned to do
...that never happened.



SUMMER TRAVELS

and lessons we have learned along the way

Geoff Grubb -- A Farewell Journey

My story begins in the early 1980's when my family moved to Louisville, Kentucky. I was only three when we moved there and I do not remember exactly when we first went to Thomas Jefferson (now known as All Peoples) Unitarian Church, but I remember it always being a part of my childhood. The church was a big part of me becoming the person I am today. I was a very active participant in TJ's religious education program. In fact, my mother, Cynthia Jobling (Grubb) was the director of Religious Education for several years of my childhood.

That is what brings me to my story today. I and my family moved several times over the years and my family evolved. Some of our fondest memories, though, were always of the years spent in Louisville and specifically at TJ [hereafter referred to as *All Peoples*]. In 2019, unfortunately, my mother was diagnosed with dementia. We moved her to Austin, Texas to be closer to myself and my wife to help in her care. My mother and I tried to plan a last trip together as mother and son. She had instilled in me a love for traveling and had always encouraged me to explore the world. Our final trip was not meant to be as time ran out before we could plan it. We were able to have several discussions about her final wishes before her passing and she had expressed a desire to have her ashes scattered near her childhood home in Wilmington, Delaware. As her passing approached I thought I might take that opportunity to take a final trip with her.



Geoff Grubb scattered his mother's ashes in the All Peoples memorial garden during his visit to Louisville.

After she passed I decided I would not only take the trip to her childhood home, but would take her remains on a last road trip to visit places that were important to her in her life. I sat down and thought about places that she would want to see one last time and of course Louisville and All Peoples popped into my mind. The Unitarian faith was important to my mom's life both before and after All Peoples so there would be other stops along the way as well at churches she had attended. I set out on my trip on July 18 of 2024 from Austin, Texas. Our first stop was in South Haven, Kansas, where her father (my grandfather) was



Geoff's mother, Cindy Grubb

born and raised on a small farm plot. She had visited there with her father as a child. I was able to locate the farmland that he lived on as well as the one room schoolhouse he attended. I was also able to find the graves of my great grandparents. It felt very good to connect with my ancestors and allow my mom to see the land once again. After Kansas, I visited Cedar Rapids, Iowa where my mother went to college at Coe College. This is where she met my father, Kenneth Grubb (who some of you may remember as well). I was able to locate her dormitory (it is now an administrative building), as well as a diner where she and my father went on many dates during their time there.

After Iowa I headed off to the Chicago suburbs, where my mom had lived twice in her life. My mother and father lived there as newlyweds and then later after our time in Louisville. During the second stint my mother and father were divorced but did become friendly later in life again. I was able to go with my mother's remains to North Shore Unitarian Church, a fellowship my mother and I attended while I was in high school, and was able to spread some of her ashes there. I found the house she and my father lived in as newlyweds and the school she taught at in the 1960s and 1970's.

After my stay in Chicago I made my way down to Louisville. I arrived on Sunday, August 4. My very first stop was at All Peoples for the services that day. Immediately upon walking in I was flooded with a plethora of memories. Very fond memories of my childhood and my time spent at the church filled my head. I was not sure how I would feel but was hopeful it would be a joyous occasion and it was. As I approached the welcome stand I was asked by a woman (Ellen Wade) if it was my first time there. I chuckled and replied, "This is my first time here in over 30 years!" She looked at me in astonishment and asked if I was serious. I replied that I was and told the story that I was traveling with my mother's ashes and that we were members of the church in the 80's and early 90's. She asked my name and my mother's name and she remembered my mother as well. I was able to introduce myself to several other members of the church; none had been around when my family and I were members. It was nice to meet the current director of Religious Education and let her know that my mother had once held that role as well.

After the beautiful service I spoke with Ellen again and met a few other members. During the service I had heard that the quarterly newsletter was focused on summer travels. I asked after the service if I could provide a story of my travels. Ellen asked if she could accompany me when I took my mom's ashes to scatter. She and I and a few other members walked out to the remembrance garden and were able to scatter some of her ashes. It felt wonderful to know that my mother will remain a part of the church that was so important to her for years to come. I remember Elwood Sturtevant being the minister for most of my childhood and was pleasantly surprised to learn that he is still involved with the church. In fact, I received an email from him not too long ago as he heard about my visit. It was wonderful to be back on the grounds where I spent so much of my childhood in church, Sunday school, lock-ins and many other events over the years. I am glad I could bring my mother back once more as well. I hope to come back to visit again soon and see Elwood and any others that may remember me and my family as well.

The rest of my stay in Louisville had many other fond memories as well as I was able to go to my middle and elementary school as well as my little league ballpark. The highlight of the trip was my visit to All Peoples, though. I did get to come to the church twice. I am a recovering alcoholic and have 10.5 years sober now and I was able to attend the Monday night Alcoholics Anonymous meeting at the church. The topic was, very fittingly, repairing the relationship with your parents in sobriety.

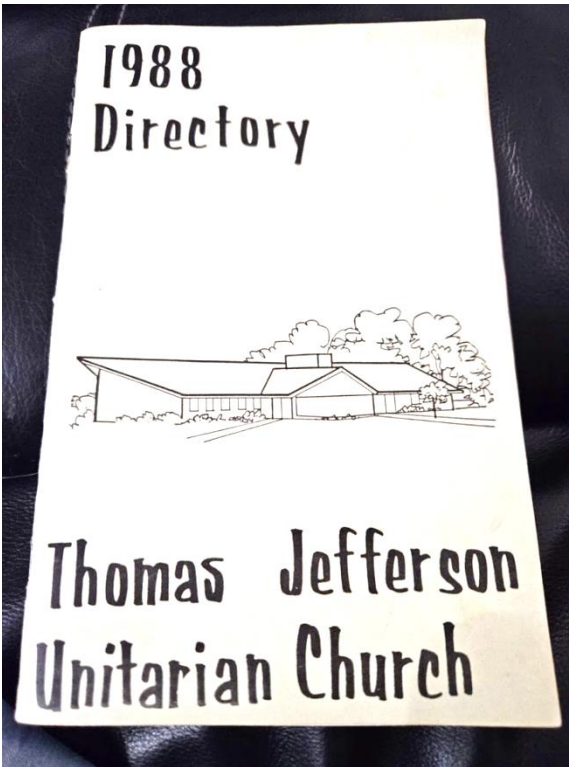
After a week's stay in Louisville, I headed off to Columbia, Maryland where my mother lived after I had graduated high school. In Columbia I attended the Unitarian Church where my mother had attended later in life. I was also able to have dinner with some co-workers of hers at a library. This was an amazing experience, being able to hear the many wonderful stories they had of her.

The last stop of my trip was my mother's childhood home of Wilmington, Delaware. My wife and my aunt were able to meet me there as well. We were able to honor my mother's final wishes on my birthday, August 14. On that morning, we went to the church she attended as a child, First Unitarian Church in Wilmington. Her parents' ashes are scattered in the memory garden there and I was able to leave some of hers as well. After visiting the church we went to her childhood home which has a creek running behind it that she had played in as a child (as had I, as my grandmother owned the home until I was eight). She had wanted her ashes to be put in that creek. Our original plan was just to drop them from the roadside bridge. However, I decided to go up and ring the doorbell. The woman who



Geoff and his father Ken Grubb

answered was the same woman who bought the house from my grandmother. She even remembered my aunt. She invited us in and allowed us to tour the house. What a moving experience that was for my aunt and me! She then allowed us to go down to the creek and walk in it to leave my mother's remains.



This trip was a wonderful experience and an amazing way to honor my mother. I believe it really allowed me some more closure with her passing as well. As I drove home last week I thought over this trip and the many highlights. The two that kept coming to my mind were my visit to All Peoples and the dinner with my mother's friends in Maryland. Thank you to all who kept this church running the last thirty plus years. It was such a special place in my life and my mother's. I would not be the person I am today if not for All Peoples.

If anyone from the church remembers me (Geoff Grubb) or my parents (Cynthia and Kenneth Grubb) please feel free to reach out to tapestry@allpeoplesuu.com for my contact information.



Photo by Rob Kingsolver

Lynn Owens and Carolyn Dean -- Switzerland Now and Then

In June of this year, Carolyn Dean and I took a 12 day rail trip through Switzerland. Both of us had been there before: I as a 16-year-old student studying in France and Carolyn as a middle aged adult accompanying friends. Generally, when abroad, neither of us visits places we have traveled to before but we thought it would be interesting to see the changes across the years--plus we had never seen Switzerland by rail.



As anticipated, the scenery was spectacular: the jagged, snow-capped Alps rising majestically above lush, bright green meadows. Occasionally, the scenery was broken up by herds of black and white spotted cows grazing lazily in the fields alongside a sharp angled wooden house or barn. In the small villages, hikers with overloaded backpacks, stream-lined cyclists, and walkers with hiking sticks were headed to some destination (unknown to us)—would it take a day, a week, or a month or more to get where they were going? Or perhaps they were just enjoying the journey. Remarkably, there was nothing to obstruct nor disrupt the eye--no ramshackle buildings, no trash, nothing out of place--only nature's raw beauty. A peaceful quiet enveloped our train (except for the clicking of cell phones, the product of which we knew could never do the vista justice.)

We were amazed by the trains as the rail system was highly efficient, with every train on time. We traveled on two world famous trains--the Glacier Express (linking the ski resort of St. Moritz to Zermatt, which is at the foot of the Matterhorn--see cover photo) and the Bernina Express which is a Unesco World Heritage Site, reaching the highest

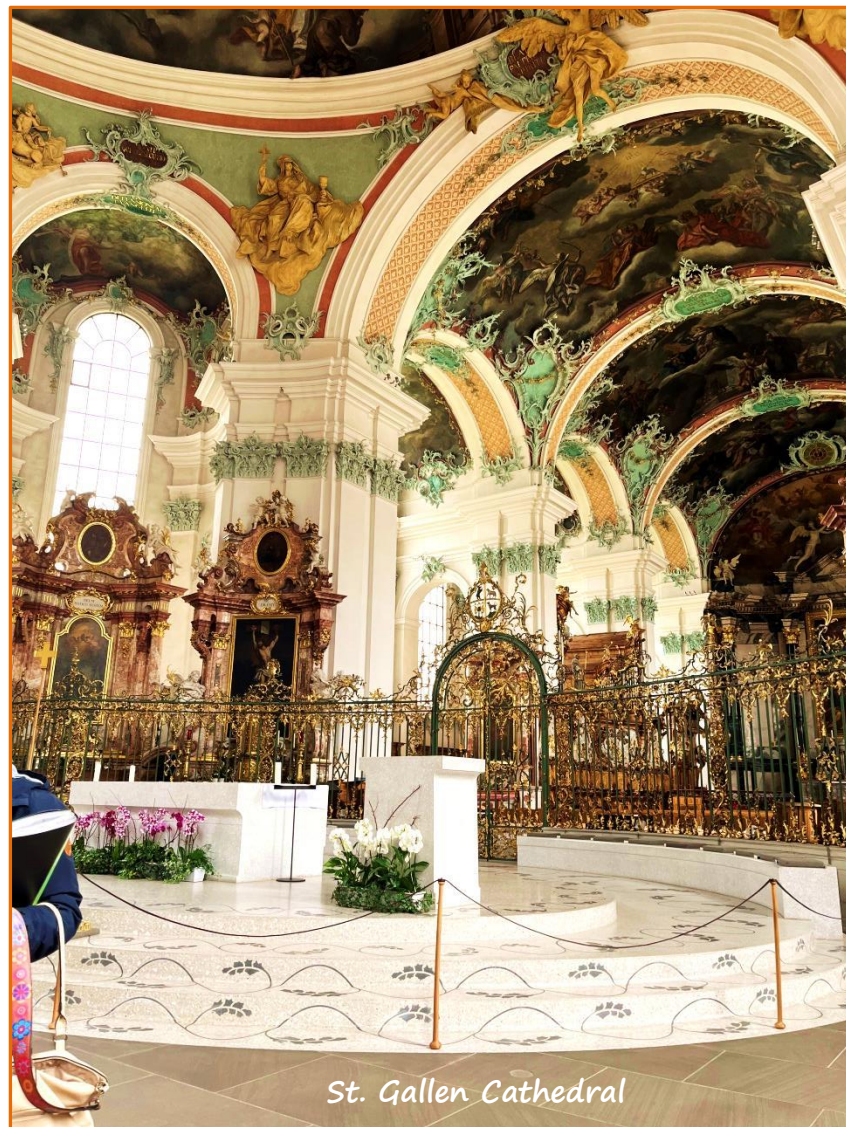
Street Scene in Stein am Rhein

altitude of any train in the world at 7,391 ft. above sea level. There were brief stops in small villages as the railway is a main source of transportation for natives as well as tourists. Our journey took us through Zurich (Switzerland's largest city), St. Gallen, Interlaken, Lucerne, Lausanne, Zermatt, St. Moritz, and Stein am Rhein, with an historic village or two in between. All the cities were well worth a visit: Lucerne, a beautifully picturesque river town with neat, multi-colored shops and homes bisected by lovely, historic bridges. (We strolled across every bridge while eating our gelato!); St. Gallen-dating back to the 7th century and home to the Cathedral of St. Gallen and the Abbey Library, which are Unesco World Cultural Heritage Sites because of their amazing Baroque architecture. Interlaken-beautifully situated between two lakes with clear, turquoise water, a result of tiny particles of glaciers sinking very slowly to the lakes' bottom. St. Moritz-a luxury ski resort town that hosted the Winter Olympics twice (no time for skiing for us) and the town of Stein am Rhein, dating back to 1000 A.D., and boasting medieval shop and home fronts intricately painted to represent a family's occupation and/or history. And to

top it off-there is a medieval castle overlooking the town.

The food was scrumptious. At breakfast there was always a huge variety of breads, rich butter and jams, honey, Nutella, fruits and juices, tomatoes, cucumbers, cheeses, muesli, yogurt, cereals, pork and beans, eggs (including hard boiled that were fancifully decorated), bacon, sausage, and sometimes potatoes. Breakfast was our favorite meal, not only because it was delicious but we could always confiscate a smorgasbord of foods to have for lunch during our travels. Coffee was served in small, individual pots and did not have the mellow, full-bodied taste of coffees served in America. In fact, the coffee was somewhat bitter.

We would be remiss if we did not mention the Swiss people. We found them to be pleasant and agreeable, proud of their country, their traditions, and their progressiveness. While we were in Zurich, they celebrated their Swiss National Costume Festival—a major



St. Gallen Cathedral

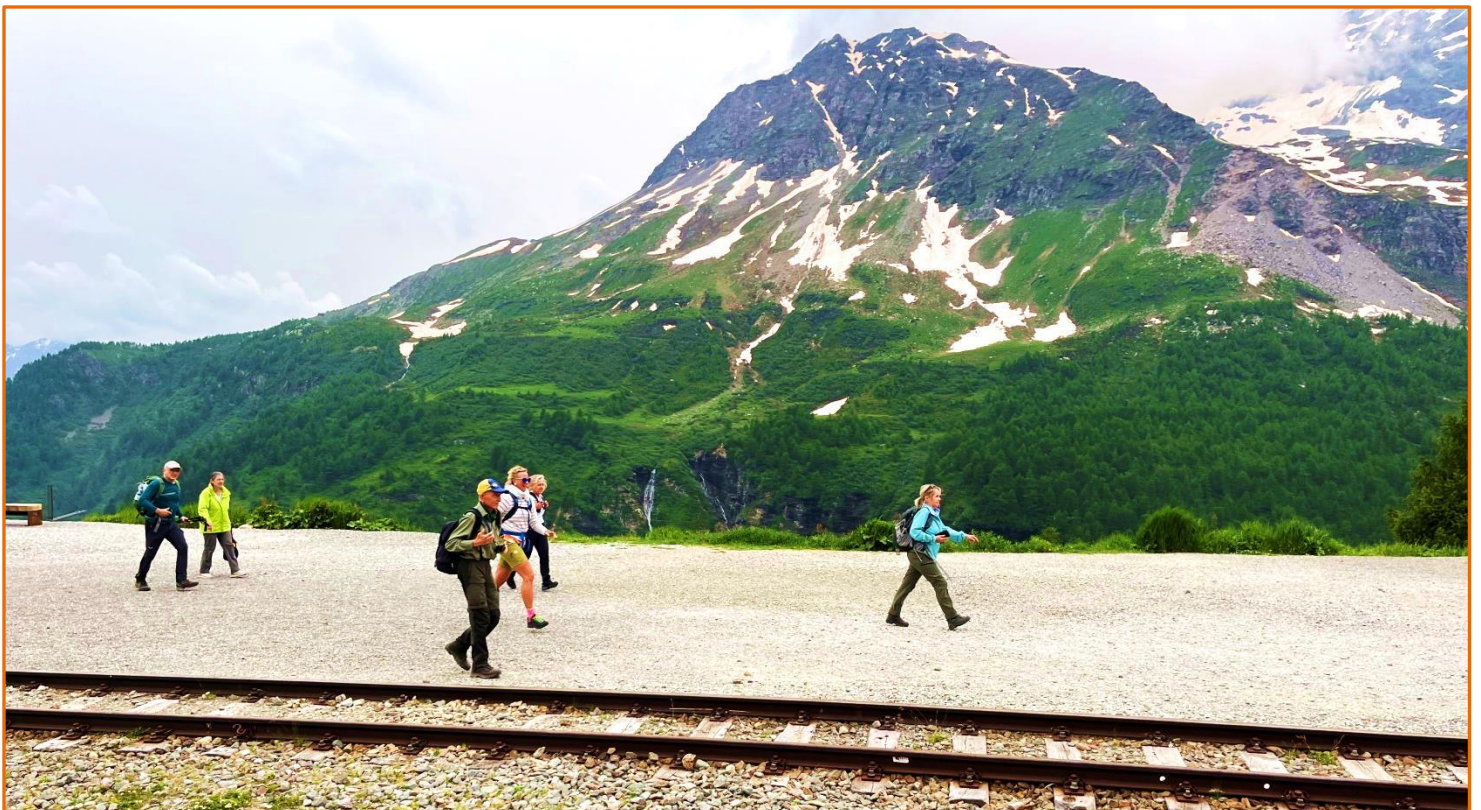
folk cultural event. We witnessed a colorful parade of traditional Swiss costumes, exuberant dancers, yodelers, bands, alphorn (the long, tubular wooden horn) players, and flag wavers—a lively show of Swiss commitment to country, their traditions, and their unique culture.



You get the idea: there is so much beauty and history in Switzerland, and much to savor and enjoy-this is just a snippet of what we took in. But juxtaposed with its well preserved history is its modernity as a progressive country that routinely recycles (we never saw a bit of trash/littering anywhere), promotes sustainability initiatives (the Swiss fiercely protect their country's natural beauty), is committed to green energy (we stayed at one village where only electric vehicles were allowed), provides many services such as universal health care (citizens pay up to 8% of their income toward a health insurance

plan), promotes an exemplary secondary education, and provides a myriad of social support programs (we saw no homeless people on any of our stops.) A major means of daily transport for persons of all ages is bicycling and walking. In all the places we visited, we noticed how slim and fit nearly everyone seemed to be.

Our thoughts and impressions are that Switzerland has remained the beautiful, pristine country it was so many, many years ago while simultaneously progressing as a very forward, future oriented country with a keen eye toward protecting both its citizens and their descendants as well as its natural beauty and resources.



Lori Sargent -- Maori Art, Evolving with the Culture

My parents loved New Zealand, traveling there several times to visit former students and explore the beautiful country. Their enthusiasm inspired my sister Diane and I, and our husbands, to take a Road Scholar trip there in April.

One of our early stops was to Rotorua and the NZ Maori Arts and Crafts Institute for wood carving, stone and bone carving, and weaving. A handful of students are accepted in each of these disciplines per year, serving three-year apprenticeships in Maori arts and culture. Their traditional arts integrate form and function, curved lines and patterns, contrasts in light and shadow. Their designs express culture, history and spiritual ideas and use natural materials. After earning diplomas, students are expected to return to their communities and teach others what they have learned.

We followed this experience with visits to museums and galleries throughout New Zealand, where we sought out additional examples and information about Maori artwork. We found not only traditional art forms, but learned that since the 1960s, many Maori artists have been influenced by European abstractions and media, and by political subjects. The blending of traditional and contemporary forms of artwork was fascinating, with museums and galleries offering a full spectrum of examples. The photos I've included are from museums - a traditionally carved Maori Meeting House we saw in Auckland, and a very contemporary one located in Wellington.



Traditional Maori Meeting House--photo by Lori Sargent

But the blending of contemporary and traditional work is controversial, raising a number of questions including these: Who can make Maori artwork? Can it express contemporary ideas? To be identified as Maori, do traditional materials need to be used? The Maori artists will sort out the answers, but none of the questions have easy answers. I, for one, will be watching the artistic developments and tracking the controversies.



Roxanne and Elwood Sturtevant -- Chatauqua Discoveries

Imagine a place full of art and flowers, music and performances, discussions and pot lucks, lectures and discussions, a labyrinth and walking paths, religious services and inspiring talks, wonderful people, and much more. No, it isn't All Peoples. It's Chautauqua Institution, on Lake Chautauqua between Erie and Buffalo. Founded 150 years ago this year on the four pillars of Education, The Arts, Religion and Recreation, Chautauqua is the venue for an extensive schedule of programs over nine summer weeks that are mostly included with your purchased day pass. World class speakers and performers grace the stage of the large covered amphitheater, while there are art fairs, food festivals, worship opportunities, theater performances and the like every week. --Elwood



The Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of Chautauqua, founded in 1979, holds its own services on campus every Sunday of the Chautauqua season, and hosts guests at the UU Denominational House fittingly located at 6 Bliss Avenue, where UUs and others can rent accommodations a week at a time.

Elwood and I spent two whole weeks at Chautauqua this year. The first week we stayed in a house with friends from All Peoples and friends we have made over the years by returning near the end of the summer, pulled to the place by our memories from prior years. We shared meals and time on the porch listening to John Gage, who brought his guitar. We talked about what we had heard or experienced in a presentation or performance and we talked about our lives, past, present and future.

I want to make sure I don't miss anything, any grand or humble home, any exotic or familiar flowering plant that brings back to mind its name and my appreciation for the gift of its beauty in the moment.

I love the natural beauty of the place and spend a lot of time rambling around the village admiring the flowers, the yard art and the gingerbread on the Victorian houses, the painted ladies. I want to make sure I don't miss anything, any grand or humble home, any exotic or familiar flowering plant that brings back to mind its name and my appreciation for the gift of its beauty in the moment. I take the nature walk each year with our leader, Jack, even though and because it is mostly the same information from the year before.

This August, during National Geographic's week, I listened to devoted scientists and saw amazing video describing what led to the discovery of black holes, deep sea diving revelations, the value of ice cores drilled at the tops of mountains, the monitoring of water quality in Lake Erie, the dangers of

microplastics in our drinking water and the determined progress made by a manufacturing company to eliminate any harm to the environment while creating its product...and more.

I went to the Jewish House to see if I could gain some perspective on the war in Gaza. While the subject was never addressed directly, I gained some understanding by watching a powerful movie about a moment from their history when a Pope's arrogant theocracy caused a six year old boy to be taken from his Jewish family to be raised a Catholic.

At the end of the week, I went to a porch discussion at the UU Denominational House where we sat in a circle and a leader asked us to talk about what had touched us. Many spoke about the perseverance of the scientists who sacrificed greatly to follow a trail of discovery. Some noticed what was left out—an open discussion of the war in Gaza. And some spoke about what we would do with all the new information we had learned.

Since every environmental issue is a voting issue, that was when I explained what our congregation is doing to promote Louisville Freedom Summer. Freedom Summer is our local voter registration campaign theme taken from the 1964 effort by white people, led by Black leaders, to enforce the voting rights of Black citizens in Mississippi. After all, the postcards that we mail today to infrequent voters from marginalized communities are brought to the village by my UU friend in election years. I bring them back with me to share with all of you, making yet another meaningful connection, among many this summer, with Chautauqua. --Roxanne



NATURE IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

PAWPAWS

Text, photos and illustration by Rob Kingsolver

When I was growing up in rural Nicholas County Kentucky, the ripening of pawpaws was a treat I looked forward to each year as summer faded into fall. Every day, as soon as I got home from school, I would run back to the cluster of pawpaw trees in the woods beyond our back yard to check the hanging green fruits. Are they soft yet? If I picked them too soon, they would never be good. If I waited too long, the local opossums and raccoons would beat me to the harvest. When I got it right, I would savor the sweet custard taste of Kentucky's largest native fruit right there in the pawpaw patch, usually remembering to bring some back home for my sisters.



The Custard Apple family of plants includes many tropical species, but pawpaw (*Asimina triloba*) is the only member of the group that can tolerate the winters in temperate North America. You can find Pawpaw trees throughout the Eastern US from the Gulf States all the way up to Southern Canada. The taste of the fruit, which folks describe as combining banana and mango flavors, might help you guess its tropical heritage. Even the leaves, which are paddle-shaped and up to a foot long, look like something you might find in a rainforest.

Trees like pawpaw, witch hazel, redbud, and dogwood that live out their lives in the shade of larger trees are called understory species. Pawpaw trees have several life history characteristics that help them succeed in this shady niche. Their giant leaves are great at soaking up stray beams of sunlight filtering through the treetops, and the pointed tips of their leaves shed rainwater dripping down on them from above.

Another key to pawpaw success is its ability to create offshoots from root sprouts. New pawpaw sprouts keep popping up at the periphery of the original tree until one plant becomes a "pawpaw patch." Each member of the colony maintains root connections with all the others, so the larger members of the patch actually feed the smaller ones until they grow big enough to sustain themselves. If you could see underground, you would recognize the entire grove as one large organism with multiple above-ground stems, all genetically identical.

Like most understory trees, pawpaws bloom very early in the spring. I have seen pawpaw flowers opening as early as the end of February in Kentucky. This "earlybird" blooming schedule gives these smaller tree species a chance to show off their sunlit flowers to pollinating insects before their taller neighbors leaf out and cast deep shade over the lower tiers of the forest. The flowers are pollinated by beetles and carrion flies, which the flowers attract by mimicking animal flesh. Unlike the sweet-smelling flowers of butterfly-pollinated plants, pawpaw flowers smell like something you forgot to take out of the back of the refrigerator. On the other hand, since the fruits are adapted to attract seed-scattering mammals, pawpaw fruits smell delicious to us!



Even the voracious deer in my Louisville neighborhood who nibble at everything I plant in the yard have not touched our young pawpaw trees. Like many of their tropical cousins, pawpaw plants produce toxic compounds in their stems and leaves that protect the tree against most herbivorous insects and mammals.

A notable exception is the caterpillars of the zebra swallowtail butterfly. In fact, these caterpillars are so finicky that they cannot survive on any other host plant. As they munch on pawpaw leaves, the zebra caterpillars sequester the plant's toxic chemicals within their bodies, and thus become toxic themselves to birds and other predators. This chemical protection persists throughout the insect's life, even after it is transformed into an adult butterfly. The zebra swallowtail's eye-catching stripes serve as a warning to hungry birds that this particular butterfly is not a wise choice for lunch.

What a wonderful provider is the pawpaw! Caterpillars feed on its leaves, beetles and flies feed on its flowers, and opossums (and adventurous human beings) feed on its fruits. You might call this scrappy little tree the food truck of the forest!



Heard from the Pulpit

*Quotation adapted from Loren Eiseley's "The Immense Journey"
 Shared with the congregation by Paula Kingsolver, August 4, 2024*

It is a commonplace of all religious thought that people seeking visions and insight must go apart from others and live for a time in the wilderness. If they are of the proper sort, they will return with a message. It may not be a message from the god they set out to seek, but even if they have failed in that particular, they will have had a vision or seen a marvel, and these are always worth listening to and thinking about.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS FOR JUNE 2024

A	M	P	U	P		I	N	T	O		S	R	G	T
T	O	R	T	O	I	S	E	A	N	D	H	A	R	E
	R	I	E	O	T	A		P	A	R	A	D	E	S
C	A	M	P	F	I	R	E	S	T	O	R	I	E	S
O	L	E		S	O	A	M	I		P	E	A	K	
N	I	C	E		N	T		N	M			L	S	U
	T	U	C	K			A	T	I	L	T		A	P
M	Y	T	H	I	C	A	L	O	R	I	G	I	N	S
A	L		O	N	I	C	E			L	I	T	D	
Y	E	N			A	R		L	L		F	O	R	T
	S	O	S	O		O	B	O	E	S		L	O	S
A	S	T	O	L	D	B	Y	G	R	A	N	D	M	A
T	O	I	N	D	I	A		P	O	N	C	H	A	
A	N	C	I	E	N	T	B	R	I	T	A	I	N	S
M	S	E	C		E	S	S	O		I	A	M	S	O

None of us is fully able to perceive the truth that shines through another person's window, nor the falsehood that we may perceive as truth. Thus, we can easily mistake another's good for evil, and our own evil for good.

--Forrest Church

PEOPLES PUZZLE

"Rambling"

by Rob Kingsolver

ACROSS

1. Beach vacation site (4 wds)
16. Foreign agent, perhaps? (2 wds)
17. Pine Tree State (abbr)
18. Elevations (abbr)
19. Large room, in Guadalajara
20. Dorm supervisor (abbr)
21. Contributes to the potluck (4 wds)
25. Teachers' terminal degrees (abbr)
26. Missed by _____ (2 wds)
27. Silent part of echos (2 wds)
28. First and last note on a scale
29. Lethal
31. With 32 Across, a sports network
32. See 31 Across
33. Outdated term for *Homo sapiens*
34. Powerhouse conference (abbr)
35. Physician, for short
36. 2022 Netflix series
37. Kids' vacation choice (3 wds)
42. TV color adjustment
43. A car that skips the gas pump
44. Prefix with __noble or __nite
45. They take their share (abbr)
46. Cummings initials
47. Maritime province (abbr)
48. Moving along
50. Show-me state (abbr)
52. Peter, Paul, and Mary, eg.
54. Don Draper types (2 wds)
56. Last word of many services
58. Island-hopping vacation (2 wds)
61. Driver's Licence figure (abbr)
62. Directors (abbr)
63. Biden's advice to hostile states
64. Louisville to Danville direction
65. Continental kingdoms
69. Gatlinburg surroundings (2 wds)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16														
17			18					19					20	
21		22					23					24		
25					26						27			
28			29	30						31			32	
		33			34			35			36			
37	38				39			40			41			
42				43			44		45					
46			47				48		49				50	51
52		53			54	55					56	57		
58				59						60				
61			62					63					64	
65		66						67					68	
69														

DOWN

1. Searched over carefully
2. Succeed to excess
3. What Brits drink in Spain
4. Unhealthy lipid (2 wds)
5. Silent communication (abbr)
6. Reaches (2 wds)
7. Boston's region (2 wds)
8. Controlling software (abbr)
9. Describing a medicinal spray
10. J. Fred Muggs, notably (2 wds)
11. Prefix with --port or --pad
12. Votes into law
13. Density of X / Density of H₂O =
14. Ghostly friend?
15. Spider
22. Freudian self
23. Hanukkah mystery? (2 wds)
24. Granite State (abbr)
30. Peruvian peaks
31. Buzz Aldrin's given name
33. Hardball org.
35. Belonging to me
36. Married person's title
37. Sorry souls
38. Fuzzy blue flower
39. IX - V =
40. Buddhism's ultimate goal (2 wds)
41. Homes of the Ducks, Bulldogs, Utes, and Hoosiers (4 abbr)
47. Response to "are you hurt?"
49. Salary
50. Chow tents
51. How to spell censor (2 wds)
53. Across the spectrum from UV
54. Pub order (2 wds)
55. Indian honorary title
57. Between re and fa
59. Measure of annual water use (For Louisville, it's about 34.)
60. Good press for nurses? (abbr)
66. *Oh Pretty Woman* singer initials
67. Half of 33 across
68. "concerning," in memos

ACROSTIC PUZZLE

by Rob Kingsolver

Follow the clues and fill in the blanks to complete each word. Then copy letters into the matching numbered squares to complete a quotation from a well-known UU author. The first letters of each of the words, read from top to bottom, spell out the author's name and topic.

1 D	2 Q	3 F		4 V	5 C	6 L	7 E	8 U	9 C		10 B	11 V		12 H	13 U	14 F	15 H	16 L	17 U
18 A	19 P	20 G	21 G	22 V	23 N		24 A	25 G	26 S	27 K	28 V	29 H	30 Q		31 B	32 U		33 K	34 T
35 C		36 O	37 K	38 O	39 G	40 Q	41 L	42 S	43 W	44 F	45 X		46 O	47 R	48 D		49 P	50 N	51 U
52 U	53 J	54 P	55 C	56 P	57 V	58 W	59 A	60 N	61 D	62 P	63 B		64 L	65 W	66 J		67 I	68 M	69 W
70 V	71 K	72 R	73 S	74 X	75 G	76 Q	77 W	78 S		79 F	80 P	81 P	82 M	83 I		84 R	85 F	86 Q	87 F
88 M	89 D	90 I	91 E	92 Q	93 L	94 J	95 H		96 I	97 W	98 A		99 N	100 U	101 J	102 U	103 P	104 X	105 S
106 V		107 X	108 G	109 E		110 J	111 B	112 T	113 G	114 W	115 I	116 U	117 S	118 G	119 H	120 E		121 R	122 C
	123 N	124 S		125 U	126 L	127 D	128 W		129 B	130 K	131 O	132 K	133 E	134 X		135 S	136 M	137 O	138 J
139 L		140 I	141 A	142 T		143 D	144 F	145 U	146 W	147 E	148 P	149 K	150 X		151 P		152 V	153 P	154 U
155 Q	156 X		157 T	158 B		159 C	160 P	161 K	162 N	163 M		164 H	165 A	166 R	167 Q		168 W	169 L	170 X
	171 T	172 L	173 G	174 C	175 O		176 E	177 F	178 L	179 O	180 B	181 G	182 L	183 O	184 C	185 B	186 S	187 N	188 G

A. Egg counts

24 165 18 98 141 59

B. Stork nest sites

180 31 111 158 185 10 129 63

C. S.B. Anthony' cause

174 5 159 122 35 184 55 9

D. Word with field or fold

89 48 127 1 61 143

E. Football gatherings

147 7 176 109 133 91 120

F. Anytime

79 85 144 44 3 14 177 87

G. Milieu

173 75 113 21 39 118 108 181 25 188 20

H. Crept

15 119 12 164 95 29

I. Cottage roofing

90 83 140 96 115 67

J. Star signs

94 101 66 53 138 110

K. Letter carrier

27 149 37 130 71 33 132 161

L. Logic

172 64 6 182 41 169

126 16 93 178 139

M. Cold call

88 82 163 136 68

N. 14-line poems

123 187 60 23 50 99 162

O. Adolescence

46 179 38 183 175 131 36 137

P. PETA concern

151 54 148 49 19 56

Q. Mentors

155 76 86 40 2 167 92 30

R. Time long past

72 166 121 84 47

S. Sunny ones

124 26 105 186 42 117 78 135 73

T. Establish

171 157 34 112 142

U. Kindly

100 102 125 145 32 13 116 51 8 17 154 52

V. Violations

22 4 11 57 28 152 70 106

W. MDs

69 97 128 77 114 146 43 168 65 58

X. Intellectuals

156 45 150 104 134 107 170 74

Cultivating Friendships

One of the secrets to a long and happy life is maintaining social connections with others. After a global pandemic and the increasing replacement of face-to-face meetings with online transactions, meaningful social contacts have become harder to make than they were in the past. Last year US Surgeon General Dr. Vivek Murthy identified social isolation as an epidemic affecting half of the people in our country. He recommends proactive efforts to reach out to others. Even a few minutes of human interaction a day can enhance our health and well-being.

Members of All Peoples have a source of support in its congregation and friends. What can we do to strengthen our ties within this community, and with other people in our lives?

What wisdom can you share about making and keeping strong friendships? How can we improve relationships within our own families? If you have ideas on this topic, or any poems, essays, visual art, fiction, book reviews, or photos to share, please write us at tapestry@allpeoplesuu.com



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